GHOST HOUSE
PICTURES

GHOST HOUSE AND ALVAREZ RE-TEAM FOR *A MAN IN THE DARK*

Sam Raimi and Rob Tapert will re-team with Fede Alvarez and Rodo Sayagues on the writing duo's thriller **A MAN IN THE DARK**. Alvarez previously directed and co-wrote the screenplay with Sayagues on EVIL DEAD, the hit retelling of Raimi's classic which grossed nearly $100 million in worldwide box office.

Genre:	Thriller
Director:	**Fede Alvarez** (EVIL DEAD)
Writers:	**Fede Alvarez**, **Rodo Sayagues** (EVIL DEAD)
Producers:	**Sam Raimi, Rob Tapert** (the upcoming POLTERGEIST, EVIL DEAD, THE POSSESSION)
Synopsis:	In A MAN IN THE DARK, three teens who get away with perfectly planned home robberies have set their sights on one last payout that will get them out of crime forever. Their target: a reclusive blind man with millions of dollars in hiding. But as soon as they break into his home, the tables are turned and they find themselves trapped and fighting for survival against a psychopath with secrets of his own.
Status:	Pre-Production

ABOUT GHOST HOUSE PICTURES

One of the most successful partnerships in Hollywood, Ghost House Pictures is a leading horror thriller producer with seven #1 box office hits starting with Sony Pictures' THE GRUDGE in 2004 and more recently Lionsgate's THE POSSESSION in 2012 and Sony Pictures/FilmDistrict's EVIL DEAD in 2013. Ghost House Pictures' current slate includes POLTERGEIST, a revisionist take on the classic film, which is currently in post-production with MGM and Fox 2000 and slated for a July 2015 release. Ghost House Pictures was formed in 2002 by filmmakers Sam Raimi, Rob Tapert, Nathan Kahane and Joe Drake to create a production label dedicated to the financing, development and release of films in the horror thriller space.

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GOOD UNIVERSE @ AFM 2014
Loews Hotel Suite #464
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Matt Kiewicz Joe

A MAN IN THE DARK

Written by
Rodo Sayagues & Fede Alvarez

10/30/14

Matukewicz, Joe

“Lawless are they that make their wills their law.”

– William Shakespeare

FADE IN:

Matukewicz, Joe

EXT. UNKNOWN STREET - DAWN

The face of a terrified girl.

Her name is "Rocky" (18). She's eighties punk-rock; the face of an angel on a demon of a body. Normally she's a stunner. But right now Rocky is in really bad shape. Beaten, covered in bruises, one of her arms seems broken.

She screams like a maniac, as she's dragged by the hair down an empty suburban street.

CUT TO TITLE:

A MAN IN THE DARK

FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, FOYER - DAY

A hallway is blinded by warm sunlight.

We slowly creep through a foyer to the front door. The decor is tasteful, sleek and expensive. We hear VOICES, then -

-- a family criss-crosses past us. There's a lot going on as a FATHER, MOTHER and three CHILDREN are rushing to leave. Everyone is backlit.

The Father grabs a Detroit Lions cap off the table.

FATHER
Guys, hurry up. We're already missing kick off.

MOTHER
Is the back door locked?

FATHER
Let me check.

His hand hovers over a touchscreen. A logo appears: "Hermes Security."

TEENAGE DAUGHTER
Already told you I locked it, Dad -

FATHER
-- then we are officially moving. No dilly-dallying. It's go-time.

Everyone is out the door. He presses the "arm" button. We hear a long BEEP echo over --

Matukewicz, Joe

- QUICK POPS of various rooms as we hear car doors shut, an engine starts and the family drives off.

But we stay inside the home. It's eerie. Silent. Then, the sound of a key JIGGLING from outside.

BOY #1 (O.S.)
That's not the right key.

BOY #2 (O.S.)
Yea it is. I'm sure of it.

The knob turns, CLICK. It's unlocked. We hear a girl giggle.

GIRL #1
This house smells good.

BOY #2 (O.S.)
The alarm is an FGC-500, we have 20 seconds...

A beat. The door OPENS.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.

Three dark figures sneak in, two young guys and a girl, roughly the same age. They wear leather black gloves.

ALEX (18) crosses to an alarm panel. He has messy hair and sports a short-sleeve plaid shirt. More a college student than a thief.

ALEX
Rocky, count down from twenty.

We recognize ROXANNE aka "Rocky" (18) immediately, looking fresh-faced and beautiful. She leans next to the alarm panel. Flashes Alex a seductive look while sucking on a lollipop.

ROCKY
Twenty... Nineteen... Eighteen...

ALEX
Those are NOT real seconds, faster please.

Rocky smiles, as she studies Alex. She resumes. Too fast now. Teasing him.

ROCKY
Ten-nine-eight-seven...

Behind him a kid named "MONEY" (19) enters. Tough looking, baggy Pistons jersey.

Matukewicz, Joe

MONEY
Kill that shit already.

ALEX
2-8-4-9-1.

BEEP, BEEP. The alarm goes offline.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Ok. We're cool.

Rocky kisses Alex on the cheek, nearly startling him. Alex loved that from her -- but won't show it.

Money admires the living room, smiling, awestruck.

MONEY
Yo. This is what I'm talkin' about. Told'ya'll this was gonna be fancy.

ALEX
Yeah, good job Money.

Alex takes a look at his phone. ON SCREEN is a live feed of the Detroit Lions. The game is underway.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Alright, just like last time we do not touch any cash. Our total take has to fall below 5 G's, or it's considered major larceny.

MONEY
Whateva Judge Judy. Let's do this.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME, THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rocky hooks her iPhone to a Beats speaker dock.

ALEX
Please don't.

ROCKY
Relax, nobody is coming back.

Rocky hits play. Banging BEATS fill the home. It's Ice Cube's "The Nigga You Love To Hate".

The three split up as we JUMP through --

Matukewicz, Joe

- the Master Bedroom: Rocky enters a lavish walk-in closet. Motion-sensor lights turn on revealing a plush ottoman surrounded by expensive designer clothes. She bites her lip.

- the Media Room: Alex unplugs sleek audiophile equipment from the home theater system.

- the Office: Money rifles through desk drawers. He finds a Visconti fountain pen, sterling silver cufflinks, and a gold-on-gold white faced Rolex Daytona watch. Jackpot.

- the Master Bedroom: A cedar box contains shimmering jewelry. Rocky selects flashy pieces, and leaves the rest.

- the Kitchen: Money folds a laptop closed. He follows the power cord, looking to unplug it when Alex appears --

ALEX
What’re you doing? No laptops.

MONEY
It’s insurance claimable. Ain't that one of yo’ weak-ass rules?

ON SCREEN: the desktop wallpaper is a photo of the FAMILY, smiling like a Norman Rockwell painting.

ALEX
There’s personal stuff on there. Things insurance companies can’t replace, like family photos and stuff.

Money backs away, showing his palms.

MONEY
A’ight oc-iffer. Wouldn't want to hurt *their* feelings.

Alex steps away.

MONEY (CONT’D)
(mutters)
What a bitch.

INT. HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Rocky stands in front of a full-length mirror. Harry Winston jewelry around her neck. A Russian sable mink coat draped on her shoulders. And a pair of Louboutin stiletto heels.

Money enters, and gives Rocky the once over.

Matukewicz.Joe

ROCKY
Seriously. How hot do I look?

MONEY
Like a billion dollar lollipop.

The mink coat opens, revealing a little skin. Rocky grips Money's neck with her gloved hand and pulls him close.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Damn girl. Adrenaline turns you on?

She kisses him, passionately. Then PUSHES him onto the bed.

ROCKY
Not as much as Money does.

She crawls on top of him. Her lips devour his shoulder.

As fingers caress the back of Money's head, we see a dollar sign tattooed on his neck.

MONEY
We don't got time for this.

ROCKY
No?

The mink coat falls. Revealing Rocky's bare shoulders and back.

Money blinks. Is this really happening right now? Then he unbuckles his pants.

INT. HOME, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Alex steps through the large upstairs hall, carrying more stolen goods than he could handle. He checks his watch.

ALEX
Shopping spree is over. Guys?

No answer. The house is dead. Dark. Quiet. And strange.

Then, Money LAUGHS from another room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Alex steps into the entry-way. Then stops dead in his tracks, shocked by what he sees.

Rocky in bed. Half naked. Money on top of her.

Matukewicz, Joe

Unbeknownst to Money, she and Alex lock eyes. While Money is fucking her, hard. Rocky and Alex share a look. An awkward intimate moment, as she lets out a pleasured moan.

Alex ducks out of the doorway.

ALEX
Damn asshole.

Red cheeked, Alex leaves the two of them alone.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, PORCH - LATER

Alex stands on the porch staring at an overcast sky. As he checks his phone to make sure the Lions game is still on, his phone dings. It's a text message:

DAD: working late today. tacos locos in the oven.

ALEX: k

DAD: luv u

Rocky comes out the front door holding a backpack full of stolen items around her shoulders. She avoids Alex' look.

Money follows. His hand adjusting his balls.

MONEY
Ai'ight. Time to roll.

CLOSE ON a key with the Hermes Security logo imprinted onto it. Alex pushes it into the lock, turns, it clicks.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Hurry up Jobby Jabber.

ALEX
Jobby what? That's not even a word and doesn't remotely sound cool. What's it mean?

Money picks up a heavy rock. Feels its weight.

MONEY
(recovers)
Means: you.... punk bitch.

He quickly fast-pitches the rock into the window and CRASSSHHH! The glass shatters.

BWOOP. BWOOP.

Matuke Wiczi Joe

The alarm system is triggered. The trio rushes off.

EXT. MACK AVENUE - DAY

An aerial view of an old, rusted and battered 1980 CHEVY MONZA driving through city streets.

A ghost town of urban decay. Endless rows of neglected homes, abandoned buildings, and empty lots.

Welcome to Detroit.

INT. CHEVY MONZA - CONTINUOUS

Music bumps. Money drives. Rocky in the passenger seat. Alex in back. We catch them mid-conversation:

ROCKY
Okay okay, my turn...
(thinks)
Would you ever -- lose three fingers from each hand? Like, all you'd have left would be these scary little nubs.

MONEY
For a million dollars? No doubt.

ROCKY
What about you, Alex?

ALEX
Lose my fingers? No way.

MONEY
You know you can still jerk-off with your thumb and index finger.

Alex and Rocky laugh.

ALEX
Alright. For a million dollars would you ever -- hmm, would you ever suck a dirty, sixty year old, homeless guy's cock?

MONEY
I ain't suckin' no cock. Ever.

ALEX
Me neither.

Matukewicz, Joe

ROCKY
I'd consider it.

MONEY
Whaaaat?

ROCKY
Guess it depends on whether I'd have to swallow, or not.

MONEY
(jokes)
Girl, you a damn whore.

Alex spots a MAN and his SON stuffing an old couch into the back of a U-Haul truck.

ALEX
Check it out. Joe Kopecky is moving away...

MONEY
Everybody's leavin' town.

Rocky glances into the rear-view at Alex.

ROCKY
And soon, Money and I will be out of here too. We keep hitting houses like today's --

She takes Money's cell phone and turns on the camera.

MONEY
-- and it's bye-bye Ditchtroit.

ROCKY
-- and hola, California.

Rocky smiles to the camera, and snaps a selfie of the group.

ALEX
Sounds like you two have it all worked out.

Alex stares out the window at the impoverished neighborhood. The bag of high priced items sit in his lap.

EXT. TRACT HOME - NIGHT

The Chevy Monza pulls up in front of a grey craftsman home.

Matukewicz, Joe

Unlike other dilapidated homes on the block, the lawn is cut, hedges trimmed, and windows aren't taped up with cardboard.

Alex gets out of the backseat, his bag slung over his shoulder. Money and Rocky drive off.

INT. ALEX'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the home is humble, neat, and tidy. Alex steps toward an open door. The light is on.

ALEX
You eat those tacos yet, Dad?

No answer. He pushes the door open revealing a cramped home-office. It's empty.

The coast is clear.

Alex crosses to a desk covered in papers. An Hermes logo screensaver bounces across the screen of an old PC.

Alex pulls the office chair, kneels to a file cabinet and slides the bottom drawer open.

Inside is a TRAY filled with identical keys. Just like the one Alex used at the house they robbed.

He locates an empty slot, and replaces the key he stole.

His elbow accidentally bumps the mouse. The old PC whirrs to life. ON SCREEN: the wallpaper is a photo of -

-- SAM MILLER (late 40's, unathletic build, friendly smile) who wears an Hermes private security uniform. His arms are wrapped around a younger, bright-eyed Alex.

A thick feeling of guilt weighs down on Alex as he stares at the photo, and closes the drawer.

EXT. A TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Elsewhere in the city, a cluster of trailer homes sit under dozens of phone-lines and power cables criss-crossing across the view of the sky. Dogs bark.

INT. TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Rocky shoves a frozen entree into a microwave. Without looking she shuts the door, punches in a time, starts it.

Matukewicz, Joe

As the microwave HUMS, she pulls her cell phone out of her back pocket and types. ON SCREEN:

ROCKY: sorry bout tday.

ALEX: ?

ROCKY: the bedroom thing. was fkng weird.

A beat.

ROCKY: shouldve told u about us.

ALEX: It's alright.

Rocky smiles.

ALEX: But 100% weird! XD

She chuckles.

ROCKY: I'll miss u when I'm gone.

(ALEX IS TYPING A MESSAGE...)

But after a few moments, this disappears and no new text pops up. The microwave beeps. Rocky grabs a dishtowel and a fork.

INT. TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

GINGER CANTRELL (40's, junkie-thin, a hot mess) sits in her easy-chair drinking a 40 oz. of malt liquor. Next to Ginger is her young boyfriend TREVOR (30's). Jail tats all over his arms and neck. They watch --

ON TV: Facebook photos of missing TEENAGERS flash on screen as a NEWSCASTER drones on.

NEWSCASTER
...although the missing persons rate rises every year, the Detroit police report forty percent of these cases are juvenile runaways. Young boys and girls escaping abusive homes, and their harsh economic realities.

This bores Ginger. She changes the channel and stops at an episode of "Storage Wars".

Rocky enters and slides a TV dinner tray in front of Ginger.

Matukewicz, Joe

GINGER
You're so rude Roxanne. Can't you see that Trevy is staying for dinner, too?

ROCKY
What? He's living here now?

Trevor takes a sip from his beer.

TREVOR
Y'all talkin' about me like I'm not sitting right here.

GINGER
Be a doll and get your mother a large four-cheese from Tony's? And those cute little pastries I like.

ROCKY
'kay then give me money.

Ginger takes a sip of her 40 oz.

GINGER
No, you pay for it.

ROCKY
What?

GINGER
Think I haven't noticed what you been up to? I could smell fancy department store perfume on your neck. I know you're making money.

Rocky ignores her and unwraps the frozen TV entree as she mouths: "bitch". Ginger stiffly grabs her arm.

GINGER (CONT'D)
What happened to you Roxy?
(beat)
Your lips look sore, prolly from sucking off all those men. That how my daughter's out makin' her cash?

Rocky looks hurt. Trevor flashes her a lascivious grin. Ginger releases her grip.

GINGER (CONT'D)
I can't judge. You got enough for perfume, you have enough to buy your mother a God-damn pizza.

Matukowicz, Joe

ON TV: the host of the show Morris Prigoff makes a sassy remark. Ginger laughs, hysterically.

As Rocky heads for the exit.

TREVOR
-- and a pack of Pall Malls.

INT. A KITCHEN, ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY - NIGHT

A small flat panel TV plays infomercials. The stove, the microwave, the fridge are all matching brushed silver.

CLOSE ON a laptop screen: A Google Maps-like satellite image zooms in. Topographical maps become trees and roads as we magnify into individual homes.

A cursor hovers over “Street View”. A mouse clicks. A quaint little farmhouse appears with the Hermes logo at the door.

MONEY (O.C.)
Why they even got security for this jenky dump?

Pull back revealing Money at the counter, drinking beer from a PBR can.

Next to him is a printed LIST of addresses. It’s water-marked with the Hermes logo. Some addresses have been crossed off.

Money types. Another small home appears. He makes a face.

MONEY (CONT’D)
Shit hole...

He tries another one: 1837 Mount Elliot St.

ON SCREEN: A sat-image of Western Detroit. Overgrown grass, and vacant lots.

A large red-bricked Victorian home catches his eye. The Hermes logo blinks above it.

The address matches to search engine link. A web page to the Michigan Title Company.

Money smirks as he clicks a local newspaper headline:

“Gulf-War Veteran gets six-figure settlement from the oldest family in Grosse Point”.

KYLE (O.C.)
Here you go.

Matukewicz Joe

Money shuts the laptop as his older brother KYLE (30's, fit) enters and drops a small roll of bills. Money eyes it.

MONEY
That all?

KYLE
Minus my forty percent.

MONEY
There was a gold Rolex in there!

KYLE
And what you think, I put it up for auction at Sothebys? Know how much people on the street pay for a hot Rolex? You don't know jack, jobby jabber.

Money grabs the cash.

MONEY
The fuck's that even supposed to mean?

The back door swings open.

An oversized woman EDNA (50's, ill-fitting clothes, wild hair) enters the kitchen. She looks at her sons, her eyes bloodshot from heavy meds.

Without a word, Edna slowly walks past, disappearing into the house. Kyle leans in --

KYLE
You want mo' money little bra? Then steal money. Not home-goods. Be a real gangsta for once in yo' life.

MONEY
I'm gangsta.

KYLE
You ain't shit.

Kyle swipes Money's beer and exits. Pissed, Money opens his laptop again as he continues his searching.

ON SCREEN: an eerie photo of the old, red-brick Victorian home. A man wearing a short sleeved button down, and a thin tie stands on the lawn. His face partially blurred out.

There's something unsettling in his eyes.

Matukewicz, Joe

Money locks on the headline again: "*...six-figure settlement...*"

EXT. HIGHWAY DINER - NIGHT

A diner that's a waystation for truckers. It's seen better days. The Chevy Monza is parked outside.

INT. HIGHWAY DINER - NIGHT

The place is near empty.

Alex and Rocky sit at a booth. The table is littered with half-eaten food, used napkins and coffee cups.

Rocky giggles as she sucks the straw of a large fountain cola. Alex notices a mark on the inside of her wrist.

ALEX
Is that a tattoo?

ROCKY
Yea. Just got it.

Rocky pulls her sleeve up, its a small, weird shape.

ALEX
Is it a -- worm?

ROCKY
A butterfly. But it's wings haven't grown out, yet.

ALEX
Why not?

She shakes her head, a little uncomfortable.

ROCKY
Forget it, it's stupid.

ALEX
What? Tell me.

Rocky plays with her skin, altering the shape of the worm.

ROCKY
When my Dad left us, my mom started using, made her into venom. Said Dad leavin' was my fault, everything was fine 'til I was born.
(MORE)

Matukewicz Joe

ROCKY (CONT'D)
I missed him, used to cry and cry for hours. One day my Mom got so fed up, she locked me up in the trunk of a car that was hitched to the back of the trailer.
(a beat)
She'd keep me in there for hours, even days.

ALEX
Shit Rock...

ROCKY
There was this tiny little hole in the trunk. This butterfly would fly in, it actually kept me company. Made me feel safe. I'd close my eyes, and imagine myself as this purple butterfly, that'd fly away.
(she shakes it off)
When I leave this city I'll finish this tat, ink its wings, that'll be the last time I ever mark my body.

ALEX
That's cool.

She looks up at him.

ROCKY
Why don't come with us to LA? It'll be sad without you.

ALEX
I got my pops here.

ROCKY
Bring him. Can you imagine the kind of trouble you and I can get into in Hollywood? What if I get 'discovered'? How crazy would it be to see this face, in a movie?

ALEX
I'd see a movie with you in it.

She bites on her straw, smiles at him. He looks away, slightly embarrassed.

MONEY (O.S.)
Get out the way, baby.

He slides in next to Rocky. Drops his cell phone on the table, shows them the screen.

Matukewicz, Joe

MONEY (CONT'D)
This is big. Check it. 1837 Mount Elliot Street. Guy who owns it is an army vet. No family. Just him in this big-ass house. Few years ago some rich preppy girl from Mercy was drivin' in the wrong lane and clipped his eleven year old daughter killing her, instantly.

ALEX
Jesus. That's terrible.

MONEY
Then this preppy girl's rich-ass family pays him off, gives him a big 'ole sediment -

ALEX
Settlement.

MONEY
Blow me, Professor.
(continues)
The exact amount is not reported. But it's in the six figures.

Money drums the table with excitement.

ROCKY
You think the money's in the house?

MONEY
Let's go there and find out.

ALEX
No. We don't steal cash.

MONEY
Why we clownin' around taking people's stuff? We want cash, we need to start takin' cash.

ALEX
Stealing over 20 grand in the State of Michigan is a major felony. That's ten years if we get caught.

ROCKY
We won't get caught. Not if we do this right.

Matukewicz, Joe

ALEX
Then what? That amount brings a serious cop presence and the Feds. They'll do an investigation. My Dad will be in serious trouble.

MONEY
We get better, every time. We at the top of our game right now. Don't bitch out.

Rocky grabs Alex's hand, she looks into his eyes.

ROCKY
He's kinda right. We got this heisting down to a science. If we're lucky, this will be the last house we'll ever rob.

It takes a moment for Alex to focus on what she's saying.

EXT. ALEX'S HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

A HOMELESS MAN pushes a cart filled with aluminum cans past Alex's home.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The bottom drawer of the file cabinet is open.

Alex sifts through various trays, that correspond to different areas of Detroit. He runs his finger along the address labels. He stops on one:

1837 MOUNT ELLIOT STREET

Alex takes a deep breath. Once he grabs this key, there's no turning back. A beat --

But he can't do it. Closes the drawer.

Then --

SAM MILLER (O.C.)
Hey buddy, you home?

Alex spins. He hears his Dad shut the front door. Then the sound of footsteps, approach.

Alex quietly slides the office chair back. But he accidentally knocks a pile of papers off the desk. As --

Matukewicz, Joe

SAM MILLER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Emmett had me workin' a double, so the only place open late was China Hut. Hope you want lo-mein.

INT. ALEX'S HOME - SAME

ON THE MOVE

Sam Miller holds takeout from China Hut. He's a portly man, his Hermes Security uniform nearly busts at its seams.

SAM MILLER
Get it 'fore it gets cold.

Sam walks down the hall. Sees his office light on. Puzzled, he continues toward his office.

SAM MILLER (CONT'D)
Come on... you know we gotta keep the electric down.

Sam pushes the door open but the office is empty. He flicks the switch, turns the lights off.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alex's room is considerably tidy. Sam knocks.

SAM MILLER
Why were you in my office?

Alex turns, he is seated at his desk. Headphones on.

ALEX
Internet was down, had to reset the router. They kept you late, huh?

Sam enters, his eyes clocking his son. Alex shrinks.

SAM MILLER
There was another robbery in Edison, seventh one this month. All homes in my territory.

ALEX
Shit, that's bad luck...

SAM MILLER
Where were you today?

Matukewicz, Joe

ALEX
Why?

Alex avoids his father's gaze. Sam stares daggers into him.

SAM MILLER
I ran into Detective Sullivan. He was supposed to meet with you this morning but guess who didn't show?

ALEX
Shoot. That was today. Sorry pop, totally forgot.

Sam can detect the bullshit.

SAM MILLER
I know becoming a cop ain't exactly your first choice. But you want law school? That ain't happening, not on my salary.

ALEX
What if I get the money myself?

SAM MILLER
Doing what?
(beat)
Look, Monday morning, you're meetin' Sully, and taking that entrance exam.
(a beat)
Stop being a kid, and start becoming a man.

Sam exits, leaving Alex frustrated by his options.

INT. THE CHEVY MONZA - LATER

Rain POUNDS onto the Chevy. Alex sits in the back seat, Rocky sits shotgun.

CLOSE on Alex's hand. He plays with an HERMES key chain labeled: 1837 MOUNT ELLIOT STREET.

EXT. MOUNT ELLIOT STREET - DUSK

We coast half-way down the block, a red brick Victorian house comes into view: 1837 MOUNT ELLIOT STREET.

Matukewicz, Joe

Money walks alone in the rain, doing recon of the area. None of the homes seem occupied. He steps past an abandoned church, that's been partially burned down.

MONEY
What a fucking ghost town.

He reaches into an old electrical box that's positioned across the street from the home. Inside is a small light that blinks red. Money pulls out a small Go-Pro camera. And pockets it.

INT. THE CHEVY MONZA - LATER

Inside the car, Alex's eyes are transfixed onto Rocky's mouth as she chews pink bubble gum.

ALEX
I'm going with you.

ROCKY
Cool.
(beat)
Where?

ALEX
To LA.

Rocky turns. Her face lights up.

ROCKY
For real?

He is. She's happy.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
That's amazing. Wow. I promise Alex, you won't regret this.

ALEX
I know.

-- the door opens. Money gets in.

MONEY
These houses aren't occupied. No people means no 5-O on patrol.

ROCKY
This is gonna be cake.

Money opens an app on his cell phone.

Matukewicz, Joe

ON SCREEN: Go-Pro time lapse footage of the Victorian home. Clouds and the sun move at hyper speed. Day becomes night, and so on. There is no visitors in or out of the home.

MONEY
Bad news is, the guy's kind of a shut-in. He hasn't left the house in five days. I say we do it with him in the house.

ROCKY
We've done sleepers before. No big deal.

MONEY
Exactly.

Suddenly --

WHAM!

-- something hit the car. HARD. Heads turn. A big ROTTWEILER scratches its nails against the window next to Rocky's face.

ROCKY
Oh my God. What the --

ALEX
Where'd that come from?

The dog's face. Crazed. Angry. Then a WHISTLE from down the street. They all turn.

Standing in the middle of the road is a MAN in his 50's. The rain PATTERS off his raincoat. He has broad shoulders on a large frame. And stares straight them.

The Rottweiler races back to him.

MONEY
Shit, that's him. That's our guy...

ROCKY
Let's get outta here. Now.

Alex squints into the rain. Then --

ALEX
Guys. Look.

CLOSE ON the man's eyes. Glassy. Pupils white. Unblinking. He has a walking stick in his hand, a lariat around his wrist.

Matuszewicz, Joe

ALEX (CONT'D)
That guy is blind.

The Blind-Man turns and walks towards his home. The realization lands on our three kids.

ROCKY
Kind of fucked up to rob a blind-guy, isn't it?

MONEY
Just cause he's blind don't make him a saint.

The front door opens, the Blind-Man disappears in.

ALEX
(realizing)
The money is in the house.

MONEY
What?

ROCKY
How do you know?

ALEX
Think it's easy for a blind person to handle a bank account? They usually rely on a family member. And this guy has no one. He's a loner.
(a beat)
If he has the cash, there's a good chance it's in the house with him.

MONEY
We'll do this tonight then.

Money starts the engine, and pulls the car away.

EXT. MOUNT ELLIOT STREET- LATER THAT NIGHT

The Midwestern humidity is thick.

We're in the woods, cicada's chirp. Twigs crack. Three cell phones screens lighting up a path.

The trio sneaks through a yard neighboring the Blind-Man's home. Rocky looks at a small, empty and condemned home as she passes it by. It's cold. Vacant. Sad.

Their target, the red Victorian home stands in front of them.

Matukewicz, Joe

A massive cement wall surrounds the rear of the property.

They speak in hushed tones.

MONEY
All the lights are off. He must be asleep.

ALEX
He's blind. You think he ever turns his lights on?

Money nods, good point. Alex peers through a hole in the wall, nothing but darkness on the other side.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I can see the dog, asleep against the wall.

MONEY
Got his treats?

Rocky pulls out a zip-lock bag of beef jerky. She pulls out a prescription pill, bites it, then sprinkles the powder in the ziplock bag and shakes it. Money grabs a piece of jerky and tosses it over the cement wall.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Once he's out, his barking ain't gonna wake his master up.

ALEX's POV of the backyard. The dog wakes up.

ALEX
Okay, he's awake. He's sniffing it. Come on....alright he's chewing it. It'll be lights out in a sec.

EXT. THE HOUSE, FRONT-YARD - MOMENTS LATER

They sneak to the front door. Money eyes the doorsill.

MONEY
Bag of dicks.

The door has FOUR BOLT LOCKS, one on top of the other.

ROCKY
You got four keys with you?

Alex checks his key chain.

Matukewicz, Joe

ALEX
I only have one.

MONEY
Fuck me.

Alex looks at the keys, confused.

ALEX
(to himself)
Why wouldn't he give backup keys to the security company...?

ROCKY
And why have locks that can only be opened from the inside?

MONEY
Cause obviously he has the fucking money in there... And the paranoid fuck trusts nobody.

ALEX
Let's try the back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

TOP OF THE CEMENT WALL -

-- thick shards of shattered GLASS are glued to the top of the wall, meant to deter unwanted visitors.

A thick furniture blanket is thrown over it. One by one, Alex, Rocky and Money help each other up, and over.

They land on the other side with a THUD, scan the dark, expansive yard. The dog lays in the path. Out cold.

ALEX
You sure you dosed him enough?

The dog's tongue is out. An eye, eerily open. Unblinking. It's belly moves slowly, breathing in and out.

MONEY
Sweet dreams, Spike.

Money steps over the dog as they inch to the back door. Alex wipes dirt from a small window, and peeks inside.

Matukewicz, Joe

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

HIS POV: a large, dusty 50's-style kitchen. There's clutter on every surface. The counters. The stovetop. The tables.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

Alex fishes a small remote control out of his pocket.

ALEX
Perimeter is guarded by a Skylink 100. I pre-programmed the house's codes into this remote.

ROCKY
What's it do?

ALEX
Kills the alarm without entering a pin. We just have to point this remote in the general direction of the master keypad and it overrides the alarm.

ROCKY
Where's the master keypad?

ALEX
Guess we gotta figure that out.

MONEY
Ok Q, open the door.

ALEX
Yea, ok.

Alex puts the key in the slot. Turns it. That worked. But when he pushes on the door, it won't budge.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

A metal bolt prevents the door from opening.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

ALEX
It's bolted shut from the inside. Like the front. This guy isn't messing around.

Money looks around, trying to find another way in.

Matukewicz, Joe

MONEY
There.

There's a STORM CELLAR covered in brush on the side of the house. Money steps to it, kneels.

MONEY (CONT'D)
This place is like Fort Knox.

He pulls the cellar door, but a metal bar on the inside prevents it from opening. He huffs.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The eerie darkness from within --

MONEY (O.S.)
Hold up, I can do this.

Money squeezes his fingers through the gap, trying to move the metal bar, but its no use.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Money lets the door go.

MONEY
Motherfuck this thing.

Then something catches Rocky's eye. A tiny bathroom window is open. It's about six-feet off the ground.

ROCKY
What about that?

ALEX
Too small.

There's a five inch gap in the bars of the window.

ROCKY
You calling me fat?

ALEX
Yea. Too fat to fit through there.

Rocky shoves him aside, points to her left shoulder.

ROCKY
Remember this? The "loco shoulder"?
You tried to kiss me in second
grade.
(MORE)

Matukewicz, Joe

ROCKY (CONT'D)
I was so freaked out, I kicked you in the nuts, then you shoved me off the top of the jungle gym. When I hit the ground and my shoulder popped out. Like so --

She pulls her arm behind her head, exhales. An audible CLICK.

MONEY
Goddamn, girl. What the - ?

ROCKY
It hurts but trust me, I can fit through that hole.

MONEY
Ai'ight freak. Lets make this happen. She got 20 seconds, right?

ALEX
We're not sending Rocky in there, alone. What if the guy wakes up?

ROCKY
Then I'll kick him in the nuts, too.

Off Alex, not loving this plan at all.

Rocky grabs Money's arm. Then reaches for Alex.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
I need you two to pull my shoulder. Really fast and really hard.

ALEX
This is not a good idea.

MONEY
Come on you pussy. Do it.

Alex exhales... grabs Rocky by the wrist, while she strengthen her grip on Money.

ROCKY
Pull.

Alex pull from Rocky's arm with all his might.

CRACK! Rocky grabs her shoulder in pain.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
SHIT...

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ALEX
I'm so sorry!...

Her arm is out of the socket now..

MONEY
Shit is so gross...

ROCKY
Ok get me up there.

INT. THE HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

We move toward a small window as it wiggles open. Rocky sticks her head through, her face winces from the smell.

ROCKY
OhmyGod. It reeks in here.

Rocky forces herself in, torso first, inhaling through her mouth. She props herself to the top of the dirty toilet and quietly slides onto the floor.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
I can't breathe. So nasty in here.

Rocky gets near the wall, holds her dislocated arm. Takes a deep breath, and -

Slams her shoulder into the wall!

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Motherfucker.

Her shoulder sets back into its socket.

Suddenly, a faint BEEP comes from deep within the home.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Oh shit...

Rocky notices a motion sensor blink to life, in the corner of the bathroom.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Ok, ok here we go. Twenty, nineteen, eighteen...

She rummages in her pocket, and takes out the remote control Alex gave her. Then bolts out.

Matuke Wiczi Joe

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the house is PITCH BLACK. The only light comes from the bathroom. Rocky shines her cell phone and illuminates the path ahead of her.

A long narrow hall ends at a closed door.

BEEP

She points and clicks the remote in every direction.

ROCKY
...seventeen, sixteen, fifteen.

The muted beep gets louder.

The home resembles the neighborhood -- decrepit and uncared for. Garbage is everywhere. Dust covers every surface.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
...fourteen, thirteen, twelve.

BEEP

Tension mounts. The darkness, the smell, the alarm. It's all too much for her. She presses the remote maniacally.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
...eleven, ten. Where are you?

BEEP BEEP

It's not working. She aims the device, changes directions.

Suddenly, she trips. The remote slides across the dark hall.

BEEP BEEP

Even from the floor, she continues counting.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
...seven, six, five.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Rocky's seconds away from a deafening siren. She scrambles to the device, clicks it wildly.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
...three, two.

She pushes the hallway door open --

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INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BEEP,BEEP,BEEP,BEEP,BEEP.

A huge space. The furniture is in RANDOM POSITIONS.

ROCKY
...shit.

Rocky closes her eyes, waiting for the alarm to explode, desperately clicking the remote.

And then -

BEEP-BEEP. The alarm deactivates. It worked.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Oh thank God...

A beat. She regains her breath. Then waits. No noises from within the house. The Blind Man hasn't heard it.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
What da...

Rocky absorbs the room. The couch is set on a diagonal. All of the furniture is arranged with a total lack of symmetry.

ABOVE THE FIREPLACE are a series of photos. Some framed. Others taped to the wall. All of an 11-YEAR OLD GIRL.

A shrine to the Blind-Man's dead daughter. In every photo, the girl smiles through a mouthful of braces.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

Alex paces. Money leans against the wall, arms folded.

MONEY
Slow yo' roll, fool. She's fine.

ALEX
(mutters)
Yeah like you really give a fuck.

This rubs him the wrong way. Money gets in his face.

MONEY
What'd you say? That's my girl in there, of course I give a fuck.

Alex avoids his look, feeling overpowered. The back door swings open. Rocky's finger pressed to her lips.

Matukewicz, Joe

INT. THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Complete and dead silence. The trio take off their shoes. They pad through the kitchen --

-- into the living room. Each of them reacts to the oddness of the decor, as they approach the stairs.

Money signals silently: YOU, SEARCH. ME, UPSTAIRS. Alex and Rocky nod.

INT. SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Money creeps into the second floor hallway. He spots two closed doors. And quietly pushes one open.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Money is in a home-office.

ON A SHELF is a row of military souvenirs. A brass FLAG-TIP. A tri-folded American flag. And a survival KNIFE.

CLOSE ON A framed photo: The Blind-Man is in his 20's in a US Rangers uniform, holding an AR-16 assault rifle. His arms around other SOLDIERS.

His eyes in the photograph are scratched out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Rocky enters a large walk-in coat closet.

She rummages through, moving boxes, sliding old coats aside. Rocky checks the dark corners for the cash. Nothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex approaches the front door.

He frowns at the four strange, heavy duty locks. Each one has a separate key-hole. That will only open from the inside.

He tries to open it. But his key doesn't match.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Money steps into a small bedroom. Shines his cell phone light, and mouths: "what da'fuck?"

Matukewicz Joe

The room is totally clean, organized, spotless.

It's a girl's room. The walls are pink. The bed is made. Above it, a series of pretty glass letters that spell: Emma.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex lift his chin to Rocky as they re-team, he asks: "So?". She shakes her head and shrugs: "Nothing here"

Alex looks toward the ceiling: "Upstairs then".

INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Wood creaks. Money steps into the third floor hallway.

At the end, a door is ajar. He hears heavy breathing coming from inside. Bingo.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Money slowly pushes the door open. The breathing is heavier now, more deliberate and steady.

ON THE BED a darkened figure, sleeping. Money approaches, he's cocky, confident. He stops a few inches from the bed, tilts his head, and looks down at the Blind-Man's face.

There's a nasty war wound across his eyes down his cheek. Hair is untended and wild. He's meek. Aging.

And at the moment, sleeping like a rock.

Money reaches into his backpack and pulls out what looks like a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL filled with a green liquid.

Label reads: CHLOROFORM.

He wedges the bottle into the gap in the door.

Then grabs his Zippo lighter. Clicks it open. Runs it along his jeans, trying to ignite it.

SCHICK - SCHICK

Amidst the dead silence, this is insanely LOUD. The lighter sparks and he's LIT.

Suddenly, the Blind-Man is UP. Sitting in his bed. Looking directly at Money.

Matukewicz, Joe

Money FREEZES. The flame from his lighter pops and crackles.

CLOSE ON Money's finger BURNING. Being singed by hot metal. Money doesn't react. He can't.

A beat.

The Blind-Man lays down. Slowly turning into his bed.

Money's heart just got sucked out of his chest. He regains his composure, and lights the wick of the bottle.

We hear a hiss. Chloroform is being ignited. Money covers his mouth as dense, green gas quietly fills the air.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rocky walks backwards, looking around the room, trying to figure out the bizarre layout. When a voice JOLTS her -

MONEY
IT'S DONE!

ROCKY
(startled)
AH!!

Startled, Rocky accidentally bumps a table lamp. It teeters, then cracks against the floor. Shit.

ALEX
Money, what the fuck, asshole?!

ROCKY
Guy is gassed and out. In Sleeping Beauty mode.

From the table lamp: a decorative MIRRORED BALL breaks and rolls away. Making a low-pitched grumble.

As it rolls under the coffee table, the rumble sound switches to a lower octave. As it rolls past the table, the rumble returns to normal. The ball stops against the wall.

ALEX
You hear that?

ROCKY
Heard what? My heart about to explode out my chest?

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ALEX
There's something hollow under the table.

MONEY
I think you're right.

Money nods. They grab both ends of the coffee table, move it out of the way revealing --

-- a sleight defect in the hardwood floor. Looking closer, a faint outline of a square piece cut into the wood.

Alex uses his fingernails to pry the square piece of wood up. Revealing a WELL HIDDEN hole in the floor.

He slides his arm in, and removes wood planks.

Underneath it all is a three by three foot metal **DOOR** with a thick chain and lock around it.

ALEX
What is this?

ROCKY
A safe.

MONEY
A big fucking safe.

ALEX
Think you can crack it open?

MONEY
I got this.

Money opens his backpack.

INT. THIRD FLOOR, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sleeping under a thick cloud of green vapor, the Blind-Man shakes his head. The movement starts off small, but becomes --

-- fast and jarring. Like he's having a crazy nightmare.

INT. THE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - SAME

Money lays a series of tools out from his backpack. Rocky and Alex watch him work.

CLOSE ON A LOCK

Matukewicz, Joe

Money uses a thin metal instrument to unlock it when -

-- CRACK. The tool he's using breaks inside the lock.

MONEY
Oh fuck no.

ROCKY
Now what?

ALEX
Do you have a spare?

MONEY
No. But I have a more powerful model that will do.

Money pulls out a GUN out of his backpack. It's a huge revolver. Alex reacts.

ALEX
-- the hell is that?

MONEY
M44 Magnum, eighties-style bitch.

Alex freaks out.

ALEX
Why'd you bring a gun?

MONEY
Cuz I'mma gangsta. This here is a white soldier's house. Like I'm comin' in here without some chrome....

ROCKY
You've never fired a gun before.

Money steps towards the hole, aims in.

MONEY
Gotta pop my cherry, then. I'mma pop this shit like a tuna can.

ALEX
Stop! Do you have any idea what bringing a gun to a heist means?

MONEY
Means I have more chances to defend myself.

Matukewicz, Joe

ALEX
It means you just gave this guy the legal right to kill us!

MONEY
The guy is blind! How the hell is he gonna do that?

This is Alex' breaking point. He swipes his bag up from the floor, grabs Rocky's wrist.

ALEX
Let's go Rock, this won't end well.

But Rocky pulls her hand back, and stands behind Money. She's on his side.

ROCKY
We are so close to getting what we came for.

ALEX
Rocky, it's too dangerous. Come with me.

MONEY
(laughs)
Ya'll really think jerking off to her instagram selfies makes you her Romeo? Huh? Think again bitch.

Money points the weapon towards the safe and -

--- BOOM! ---

The gunshot is so fucking loud, it leaves our ears ringing for a few moments. Money looks into the hole.

MONEY (CONT'D)
That just got so much easier.

The metal ring holding the chain broken in half, but an inch of metal is still attached to the door.

Money starts yanking from the chain, hard.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Help me out, punk.

Alex grabs his head, trying to focus.

ALEX
I'm so out...

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ROCKY
Alex...wait.

Alex walks out of the room towards the hallway.

MONEY
Let him run, so sick of him playing the high road. More money for us.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alex grabs his shoes and exits to the backyard. Not looking back as he leaves the weird home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Money strains. Finally, the chain comes up with a rattle. They did it. Money looks at her, then --

-- he sees him.

Rocky is about to ask a question when Money puts his hand up. “stay quiet”.

The Blind stands at the bottom of the stairs.

THE BLIND-MAN
Who’s there?

The Blind-Man sways, dizzy from the chloroform. Wearing sweats and a dirty wife-beater. His eyes are glassed over. His voice is raspy, throaty, like a man with emphysema.

Money and Rocky FREEZE.

They stand, trading looks. Not sure what their next move is.

Rocky is a few feet from the Blind-Man. Holding her breath. Careful not to move a muscle.

The Blind-Man sniffs at the air. He picks up a scent. He turns to where Rocky is standing. CREAK. He steps to her. Rocky looks to Money, panic and fear in her eyes.

Money has to do something...then --

MONEY
Okay man. Just chill, ai’ight?

The Blind-Man snaps his attention towards Money. His whole body tensing up, like a scared animal.

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MONEY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I got wasted, wandered in, thought this was my house...

A beat. The Blind-Man doesn't respond. Nor does he buy this story. His jaw hangs.

Rocky stares at Money, worried.

MONEY (CONT'D)
So that was my bad... I'm leaving.

The Blind-Man walks towards Money's voice. As his feet shuffle, his toe touches the broken lock in the floor.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Shit...

Upon realizing the door has been unlocked, The Blind-Man panics. His breaths, short. Agitated.

SCHLICK. Money cocks the gun and points it at the Blind-Man.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Don't move.

The Blind-Man lifts his chin. He glares at Money.

MONEY (CONT'D)
I know what's in there. And I ain't leaving without it...

Suddenly, the Blind Man marches to him. Face sweaty and red.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Mo'fucker I said STOP!

He raises the gun and fires. The gunshot CRACKS --

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

-- and ECHOES into the night.

Alex was about to climb over the glass covered wall, when he stops. Looks towards the house. What da fuck?

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Rocky, frozen.

Money holds a smoking gun.

Matukewicz, Joe

After a beat, The Blind-Man rushes toward Money, his hands covering his face, expecting to get shot.

MONEY
Stop!

The Blind-Man grips the muzzle of the gun, and tries to pull it away. They struggle.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Told you I didn't wanna hurt yo' ass. You damn old fool.

Money grabs the Blind-Man's wrist. But can't move it. The Blind-Man is strong as oak. Then -

-- he GRIPS Money's neck.

Rocky steps forward. Money's eyes on her. *Don't move*. Then he presses the barrel of the gun into the Blind-Man's forehead.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Don't make me kill you...

All Money has to do is pull the trigger.

MONEY (CONT'D)
Please... Ok, just let me go and we can all walk away, alive...

Rocky's eyes fill with tears. Shakes her head. "Don't shoot"

Money's finger on the trigger, his hand trembles. Then -

THE BLIND-MAN
How many?

MONEY
(chokes)
What?

The Blind-Man glares into him, a soul-less stare.

MONEY (CONT'D)
It's just me, man. Swear to God. Me, alone.

The life is being choked out of Money. Rocky is closer now, a few feet away. Money looks to her. "Back off"

The Blind-Man overpowers Money and slowly turns the barrel of the gun around. Now aimed at Money's chin.

Matukewicz, Joe

MONEY (CONT'D)
Ok, STOP. Listen, you let me run, I swear I'll never tell anyone about -

BANG!

The GUN fires. Money's head explodes. Blood sprays. His body drops. Rocky covers her mouth in terror.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alex in the hall, stops at the sound of the gunshot. A look of concern washes over him. This just got serious.

He turns back toward the open door in the kitchen. Should he make a run for it?

Then looks back toward the living room, considering.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Blind-Man releases his grip. And Money slumps over, dead. Money's body spasms on the floor.

A FEW FEET AWAY --

-- Rocky is paralyzed with fear.

The Blind-Man stands in silence, the gun in his hand.

Money's body lays in front of the exit, it's the only way she can get out of this room. Rocky's eyes dart. Bars in all windows. There is no where to run. No escape.

The Blind-Man is overcome with emotion and YELLS. And PUNCHES the wall with his fist. Hard. Fast. Repeatedly. Knuckles bleed with a frightening amount of brute force.

Rocky slowly backs up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSET

Rocky hides in the closet as she slowly sinks in between old jackets and coats. Her back to the wall. Terrified.

INT. HALLWAY - MATCH CUT

The PUNCHING sounds THUMP through the dark home. Alex listens. What the fuck is going on in there?

Matukewicz Joe

He looks to the living room, to find -

-- the Blind-Man walking directly towards him.

Gripping Money's gun in his hand. His chest and face are covered in blood. There's no where to run.

Alex makes a split second decision. He pivots his body. Presses his back to the wall. And *just barely* avoids the Blind-Man's path.

The Blind-Man walks right past Alex, oblivious.

The Blind-Man enter the kitchen, and exits through the back door.

But before Alex can even react, the Blind-Man steps back in, slams a metal padlock into the hinge. And closes the back door with a click.

Alex reacts, **they are locked in now.**

The Blind-Man turns. He looks directly in Alex' direction. Almost as if he is watching him.

Weirded out, Alex quietly recedes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alex does a quick scan. The window is open. But he's too large to fit through. He hears the Blind-Man approach.

Alex silently moves the dirty shower curtain. There's a smelly layer of liquid at the bottom of the tub.

He looks for another place to hide. Then -

-- the Blind-Man enters the bathroom.

Alex spins and wedges himself into a space between the wall and a tall cabinet.

He tenses as the Blind-Man reaches for him, and opens a drawer next to Alex. He fishes through some metal, pulls out long BOX NAILS.

The Blind-Mann step to the small window, slams it shut. Then he NAILS the window closed using the butt of the gun.

He exits. Leaving Alex frigid.

Matukewicz, Joe

INT. LIVING ROOM, CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Rocky waits. Her face framed within old clothes. She hears movement. She is not alone.

She inches forward, hoping to get a peek out the door.

HER POV

The Blind-Man stands over Money's body. Looks like he's searching him, and pockets a few extra bullets.

He suddenly turns, and heads straight toward Rocky!

WHOOSH. The door flies open. The Blind-Man enters the cramped closet **with her**.

Not noticing Rocky, he reaches into the far right wall of the inside of the closet. There's a piece of stucco that he removes from the wall.

Revealing a simple, standard white SAFE.

Rocky watches, holding her breath, completely still. The Blind-Man enters a code in the number pad: 2-9-7-8.

The safe unlocks.

Inside, stacks of bills are in neat piles. The Blind-Man touch them with his fingertips, counting by rote.

Rocky's eyes widen. There's so. Much. Money.

The Blind-Man slams the safe door shut. And exits.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Alex takes out his cell phone and dials 9-1-1. His thumb trembling over the "send" button.

A moment of hesitation.

Suddenly, his screen flashes with an incoming text:

Rocky: HE SHOT MONEY

Alex taps furiously on his keypad.

Alex: R U OK??

Rocky: So scared, plz help me

Alex: Im in the house, where r u?

Matukewicz, Joe

Rocky: in closet..

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alex emerges from the bathroom. He scans the dark corridor, there's no sign of the Blind-Man.

He moves quickly toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex enters to see --

-- Money's body. Alex pauses. Freaked out. He's never seen a corpse before. Sees the spray of blood on the wall.

He silently crosses to the closet and slips inside.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Where he finds Rocky. Hunched on the floor. Her eyes about to pop out their sockets. Her anxiety and fear are eating her alive. Alex signals her to stay quiet.

ALEX
We're gonna be okay...stay calm, Rock.
(a beat)
We need to call the cops, before he realizes we're in the house.

ROCKY
I found the money.

Alex reacts, surprised.

ALEX
What?

Rocky moves to the wall, pulls the stucco away, and reveals the safe. She enters the 4-digit pin code that the Blind-Man used. Then opens it, waiting for Alex to react.

He looks worried, not excited.

ALEX (CONT'D)
There's about a million dollars in there...

Rocky loosens a strap on her backpack, zips it open and transfers the cash into her bag.

Matukewicz, Joe

ROCKY
Well it's our million, now.

A beat.

ALEX
We gotta call the cops, Rocky. There's metal bars on every window in this house. We're trapped in here. And if this guy finds us, He'll kill us too.

Rocky grabs Alex, concerned.

ROCKY
Want us to go to jail? Once the cops realize we used your Dad's codes and keys for <u>every</u> *heist we've pulled* they'll arrest him too. That's what you want?

She sinks into his chest, upset.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
It's just us, now. You and me. So let's just find a way out.

Then --

A series of metal clanks grow louder, taking their attention to the living room. Coming from the trap door ---

ALEX
If the money is in here, then what the hell is out there?

SNAP. The trap door opens. The Blind-Man emerges.

THEIR POV: he covers the hole with wood planks. Then disappears into the hallway.

ALEX (CONT'D)
That's not a safe...

ROCKY
It's a basement.

Wheels spin in Alex's mind as he realizes --

ALEX
The storm-cellar, there was a metal bar locked from the inside, that's our way out of here.

Matukewicz, Joe

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Alex and Rocky slowly step out of the closet.

Alex puts his hand up. They hear the Blind-Man shuffling around the kitchen. He eyes her. She's scared.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

WHACK. A nail is hammered into a piece of wood.

AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER

The Blind-Man works. With blood-stained fingers he lines a nail up over wood and WHACK. The nail splits it perfectly.

Although he's blind, he has the craftsmanship of a skilled carpenter. He is making a new lock for the trap door.

Driven purely by instinct, his speed and hand-eye coordination are uncanny. He raises the hammer and WHACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The hammering makes Rocky jump. She and Alex quietly slide the table away from the trap door.

ROCKY
(whispers)
We have to hurry.

WHACK!

They use the moment to clear away the planks. A loose piece of wood by Rocky's foot moves, a THUMP as it hits the floor.

They stop.

Silence from the kitchen. A long beat. Fuck Fuck. Rocky and Alex glare at each other. Then --

WHACK! The Blind-Man continues his work. Alex quietly pulls the trap door open. They look in.

INSIDE THE HOLE

A metal ladder disappears into darkness. Nervous, Rocky takes the first step. Alex follows her in.

Once inside, Alex struggles to return the planks back over the half closed door. But its physically impossible.

Matuke wicz, Joe

ALEX
Shit...

Alex gives up. He closes the door, leaving the loose planks scattered.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

In darkness --

ROCKY
Which way?

ALEX
Hang on.

Alex's cell phone BLINKS on. They use the light from the screen to scan --

ALEX (CONT'D)
What the hell?

They're surrounded by METAL SHELVES that run from the floor to ceiling. Lined up one after another.

They try and peer through them but each shelf is PACKED with building materials, canned food, tools.

ROCKY
What is this? Where do we go?

ALEX
There.

They approach a three foot space between two shelves. A corridor of shelves leads deeper into the basement.

INT. KITCHEN - INTERCUT

The Blind-Man touches the home-made lock he's just hammered together, satisfied. He carries it out of the kitchen when he stops walking. And sniffs the air.

PAN DOWN to the floor where Money and Rocky left their SHOES.

He kneels down, and feels his way around the floor. Touching a pair of men's sneakers.

Then his hand touches another pair. They're Rocky's shoes.

He picks them up. Feels them. They're small. A girl's shoes? It dawns on him there's someone else in the house.

Matukewicz, Joe

Irate, he stands, listening to every sound around him. Until -

A couple of thumps are heard. He looks down to the floor...

INT. BASEMENT - INTERCUT

Alex and Rocky quickly step between a narrow lane of shelves. Ahead of them, another shelf blocks their path.

ROCKY
Is this a dead end?

Alex looks left, then right. There's two more narrow lanes of shelves. He looks as confused as she does.

ALEX
(realizing)
It's a labyrinth.

ROCKY
Right or left?

Alex thinks.

ALEX
Right.

The both take a right and keep moving down the shelf maze.

ALEX (CONT'D)
No. Left. Backyard is in that direction.

They keep walking. Suddenly the light turns off.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Shit. My phone died.

Rocky turns her cell phone screen on, and passes it to Alex as they continue.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The Blind-Man opens the safe, and sticks his hand inside.

The money is all gone. He slams the door shut.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Rocky emerge from the row of metal shelves at a cement wall. Water drips down it.

Matukewicz, Joe

ALEX
I could have sworn the cellar door was further this way.

ROCKY
Maybe you got disoriented...

ALEX
I don't get disoriented.

ROCKY
We have to turn around.

ALEX
Wait. There.

A few feet to their right, there's an opening on the wall, leading deeper into the cellar.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

Alex and Rocky emerge into a dank, small hidden room --

ALEX
Shit, it's a dead end... Let's go back, take a different path.

ROCKY
Alex?

Rocky gestures him to a wooden table. There's weird items on it. A fridge, a bunsen burner, TURKEY BASTERS floating in a pot of water. Rocky backs away from the disturbing items.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Let's get the fuck out of here please...

Her back hits what look like metal bars, when -

-- a HAND juts out from the darkness, and grabs her shoulder.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
OhmyGod!

Alex pulls Rocky away. He shines his light in. His cell-phone light catches --

-- a GIRL wearing a disturbing white mask. It's dirty. Generic. Mannequin-like. Holes in the eyes cut out.

Both arms extended towards them through the bars. Begging.

Matukewicz, Joe

One of her wrists is hand-cuffed to the bars.

ALEX
What the fuck?

She **mumbles**. The mask is completely SEALED in caulk.

Her voice is muted by the bizarre mask. Skinny arms REACH out. Then in a throaty, thirsty voice --

THE GIRL
(muffled)
...help me.

Alex and Rocky, paralyzed in shock.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)
...please...

Rocky starts walking towards her, cautiously.

ROCKY
Who are you?

The girl seems to be in her 20's, but its hard to tell. Rocky turns to Alex.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
This is why he killed Money... he thought we knew about her.

ALEX
And now we do, too.

ROCKY
What's with the mask?

ALEX
It's just a helmet...

ROCKY
A helmet?

ALEX
So she can't kill herself.

ROCKY
What's your name?

THE GIRL
(muffled)
Cindy. PLEASE DON'T LEAVE.

Matukewicz, Joe

ROCKY
We need to help her.

ALEX
What?

Alex pulls Rocky aside, out of earshot.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You and I need to find a way out of here, right now. We escape, then call the cops. Anonymously.

ROCKY
And leave her down here?!

ALEX
The cops will save her.

ROCKY
How long do you think before that maniac finds out we're here? By the time the cops arrive, she's gonna be dead.

On Alex, frustrated by the truth. Behind Rocky, the masked girl is frantically pointing to one of the shelves.

CINDY
The box...

Alex shoots Rocky a look, and pulls down a wooden RED BOX from the shelf, grabs's a ring holding several KEYS from inside.

ROCKY
The hand cuffs...

She goes for the smallest one first, and frees the hand-cuff from the girl's skinny wrist.

ALEX
Now the door. Hurry.

Rocky grabs them and tries each one in the padlock that's locking the cage. None work.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hurry up.

CREEEAAAK! They hear the sound of the basement door. Cindy cowers back, she knows this sound all too well.

Matukewicz, Joe

CINDY
He’s coming back.

ROCKY
No.

Rocky struggles with the keys. Her hands shiver. Trying hard to make one work. Alex grabs them, tries himself.

ALEX
We don’t have time.

CINDY
He’ll punish us all.

FOOTSTEPS creak down the ladder. Cindy rattles the bars. Rocky gives Alex a pleading look. She grips his shoulder.

ROCKY
You can do this.

Cindy’s cries get louder.

ALEX
(turns to the cage)
Please you gotta shut up.

Alex takes a breath, starts from the first key...then the second....third. This time, the keys turns and clicks.

The cage unlocks. Rocky pulls Cindy out and they hurry off.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Alex leads them through the dark, the cell phone lights their way. The Masked Girl almost trips, her legs too weak to run.

METAL SHELF AFTER SHELF --

-- along their path. They reach a fork.

ALEX
There!

At the end of the wall, there’s a wooden stepstool under -

-- the storm cellar door.

INT. BASEMENT, STORM CELLAR ENTRANCE

Alex and Rocky rush over in a hurry, Cindy in tow.

Matukewicz, Joe

Alex stealthily hops onto the step-stool. Reaches up and ever-so-carefully slides the metal rod out.

Then he sees it. Another lock.

ALEX
Oh NO...

He shoots Rocky a look. He rummages for keys.

Rocky looks back into the darkness of the maze... Waiting for the Blind-Man to emerge.

Alex locates the matching brand and color key. He slides it in, and CLICK. It opens.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Yes.

As he's about to push the storm cellar -

-- the doors SWING open.

<u>The Blind-Man stands on the other side. Out in the backyard. He's opened the door from the outside!</u>

<u>Time seems to freeze for an instant.</u>

Then the Blind-Man raises the .44 Magnum to Alex's face.

ROCKY
No!

The Blind-Man reacts to the sound of her voice, corrects his aim and FIRES. This all happens fast ---

--- TWO GUNSHOTS.

-- BAM the first whips Alex's head as he falls backwards.

-- BAM the second throws Rocky violently against the shelves.

Smoke clears. The Blind-Man stands framed in the storm cellar doorway, waiting. **<u>Listening</u>**.

A menacing look in his vacant eyes.

ALEX'S POV FROM THE GROUND. HIS EARS RING LIKE MAD.

Rocky inhales and turns over. The wind has been knocked out of her, but she hasn't been shot.

Matukewicz, Joe

Alex touches his ear, its bloody. A surface wound. The gunshot clipped him.

Rocky spins. Behind her, Cindy is on her knees. Her hand pressed on her cheek. BLOOD rolls down her fingers.

Her hand falls revealing -

-- a GUNSHOT in her mask. Cindy teeters, then drops to the cement face-first with a THUD.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
No....no....

The Blind-Man reacts to the sound of Rocky's voice again, levels his gun and FIRES AT HER.

Bullets pings off the concrete.

ALEX
Run!

Rocky scrambles off! Back into the labyrinthine basement.

The Blind-Man aims at Alex, now. Coldly firing. BAM. Forcing him to run-off in a different direction.

The Blind-Man reaches around a dirty work table, feeling his way around. He grabs a screwdriver, slides it into the storm-cellar lock and BREAKS IT, sealing the door shut.

Gun gripped in his hand, he steps towards where Rocky ran when his leg KICKS something...someone. He stops.

Leans down. Feels a trembling hand. Feels blood-soaked pajamas. A body. Then a mask.

The Blind-Man realizes Cindy is lying in front of him.

His heart drops.

THE BLIND-MAN
No...

His lifeless eyes carry a mix of sadness and fury. He kneels. Anger building.

INTERCUT --

-- Backpack around her shoulders, Rocky RUNS for her life, through the maze of shelves. Suddenly -

THE BLIND-MAN (O.S.)(CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Matukewicz Joe

She stops on her tracks. Terrified by the monstrous scream.

-- Alex makes his way through the maze. Eyes desperately searching for any kind of tool he can use to defend himself.

He reaches up to a tall shelf, feeling his way around. Glancing over his shoulder. Then --

-- FWOOOMP. Whatever LIGHTS exist in the basement SHUT OFF. Surrounding Alex in BLACKNESS.

INT. BASEMENT, STORM CELLAR ENTRANCE - SAME

CLICK CLICK CLICK.

The Blind-Man in front of a FUSE BOX. Shuts down each electric breaker. Finally, he rips the main fuses out.

INT. BASEMENT, SHELVES - NIGHT

In complete darkness, Rocky walks slowly through the corridor, arms extended in front of her, groping her way.

ROCKY
ALEX?!!

ELSEWHERE

The Blind-Man RUNS. Fast. His HAND touching each shelf. Moving through the darkness, as if by memory.

ELSEWHERE ALEX --

-- is using his cell-phone to light the darkness.

He’s standing in the center of the labyrinth. He waves the cell light BETWEEN the shelves.

ALEX
ROCKY?!!

A DIM LIGHT

-- shines through the shelves. A beacon for Rocky to see. And thankfully, it works.

HER EYES

Spot the cell phone light. Rocky moves carefully toward Alex.

ROCKY
Alex?! You’re okay.

Matukewicz, Joe

ALEX
Let's go!

He grips her hand and they RUN. Toward the ladder leading up to the living room.

ROCKY
No. I don't want to go back into that house.

Alex shows her four similar looking keys.

ALEX
This brand of key matches the locks we saw on the front door. We make it up there, we can get out.

Rocky looks into his eyes. The plan makes sense.

ROCKY
Okay, okay --

SUDDENLY A HAND juts out of the shelves and GRABS her neck! The Blind-Man chokes her as items on the shelves RATTLE.

Rocky lock eyes with Alex. HELP ME!

Alex thinks fast. He grabs a pipe and SLAMS the Blind-Man's arm. Repeatedly. The Blind-Man let's her go, as his arm disappears back into the shelves.

Alex and Rocky nearly trip over each other as Rocky rushes up the ladder. Alex follows, climbing as fast as he can.

Just as he's about to reach the living room, the cell phone slips out of his hand...

ALEX
No!

The phone drops into the cellar floor against the concrete. Breaking on impact.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Rocky rise from the trap-door. He swings the door shut behind him. Rocky pulls the sofa over it. Sealing it.

THE FRONT DOOR

ROCKY
Come on.... Try the keys.

Matuke-wicz, Joe

Alex' hands tremble as he pulls the keys out. He tries it in the lock. IT WORKS. But -

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Oh God no...

Alex hears something, and turns around. As he does, we hear a rabid and vicious growl. We turn to REVEAL --

- the ROTTWEILER walking toward them.

ALEX
(quietly)
Don't...move.

Alex is terrified...

Mucous drips down the Rottweiler's jaw it inches towards them. Poised to attack.

Alex sweats bullets. He slowly reaches for the key that's inside the lock. He starts to pull it, but it's stuck.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Come on...

He pulls harder, and finally -

SHRICK!

The key slides out of the lock, fast. STARTLING THE DOG, who suddenly sprints towards them!

ALEX (CONT'D)
Run!

Alex pulls Rocky to the stairs. The only place they can go.

NEW ANGLE

They RUN up the steps. As they hear BARKING behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two of them race into the DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM. We PUSH IN FAST as the snarling noises approach.

INT. DAUGHTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex slams the door shut.

Matukewicz, Joe

WHAM. The door shakes. The Rottweiler is SHOULDERING the other side. WHAM. Rocky props her back against the door.

Alex locks a tiny brass lock. WHAM. The dog breaks the brass lock from the wood. He's relentless.

ALEX
Hold it shut.

Rocky does. He locks the doorknob. Then PULLS an oak wardrobe against the door. Effectively blocking the dog from entering.

Loud BARKING from the other side. It's rabid, constant.

In shock, Rocky eyes the immaculate condition of the room. The sheets tucked. The colorful letters spell "Emma".

Rocky scans the desk. It's covered with newspaper clippings, alongside braille transcripts. She reads one.

ROCKY
Oh God.

Rocky hands him a news article. There's a black & white photo of a young girl exiting a courthouse. The headline reads:

"Cindy Roberts found innocent for vehicular manslaughter..."

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Cindy.... she was the girl locked in the cellar. She killed his daughter.

She leafs through more newspaper images of a deadly car crash. A teddy bear lies under a capsized vehicle.

ALEX
Where's the manual alarm trigger? The device I gave you?

Rocky, bewildered, looks the dolls sitting on Emma's bed.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Rock?! Do you have the device with you, or not?!

She snaps out of her trance and searches her pockets, hands him the device. Alex toggles the remote on.

ROCKY
What are you doing?

Matukewicz: Joe

ALEX
The house alarm system is set to automatically call dispatch at 911 when triggered.
(wheels spinning)
If we manage to get in range, and set it off, all we have to do is press the “PANIC” button. And the police will come.

ROCKY
I can’t go to jail.

Alex grips her by the shoulders, squeezing her.

ALEX
That’s not a choice anymore!

BAM!

The door is KICKED. Pulling them apart.

The Blind-Man kicks the door with everything he’s got! Alex pulls Rocky away towards the window.

HIS POV

A 15 foot drop into a skylight, that leads into the kitchen.

Alex pulls the window up, but it stops after an inch. The window has been nailed shut from the outside.

ALEX (CONT’D)
It’s locked.

ROCKY
Look.

-- an air vent.

BAM. BAM. More kicks. Wood splinters.

Alex steps onto the desk, and desperately pries the vent open with his fingernails. He pulls Rocky up.

ALEX
Quickly! Get in there!

Rocky unstraps her backpack and throws it into the vent. He hoists her up and she climbs in, head-first.

RRRRIIIPPP!

Matukewicz, Joe

Alex turns to the door. A MILITARY KNIFE tears a hole into the door! An ARM reaches through, unlocking it.

WHAM. The door opens, but the wardrobe blocks the Blind-Man from entering. They only have a few seconds before he's in.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Rock?! Move! Go!

Rocky worms her way into the dusty crawl space.

Suddenly the banging at the door stops. The silence is unsettling. Alex focuses on the door when -

He sees the Rottweiler squeeze through the space between the door and the wardrobe!

Alex grits his teeth. This will be the hardest chin-up of his life. Alex pulls his way up to the vent but -

The Rottweiler leaps, shooting up at Alex like a bullet.

The force sends Alex sailing backwards. A struggle ends in -

-- Alex CRASHING through the bedroom window!

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Glass SHATTERS. Alex falls out the bedroom window and drops into the skylight and falls right through it!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

WHAM. He SLAMS brutally onto the floor.

Broken glass rains. Blood candy-canes down his face. He lays motionless, eyes wide open. Struggling to breathe.

INT. CRAWL-SPACE - SAME

Tears stream down Rocky's cheeks as she crawls through the TINY and filthy crawl-space, alone. Holding her backpack.

She turns a tight corner, the next tunnel is even smaller. A horrible feeling of claustrophobia fills her as she forces her way onward.

Matukewicz, Joe

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The dog jumps into the vent opening. NAILS scratch the inside of the tunnel as he shoe-horns his way in.

INT. CRAWL-SPACE - SAME

Rocky's eyes go wide as she hears the dog behind her. She's trapped. And has to move fast.

ROCKY
Fuck. Fuck.

She tries to pick up the pace, but her shoulders are packed too tightly against the walls.

THE DOG IS GETTING CLOSER.

Rocky hears its snarls and heavy breathing.

Up ahead there's a long vertical drop in front of her. She crawls toward it.

CLOSE ON the Rottweiler on the hunt. He moves FAST.

Rocky is inches away from the drop, when she stops. The strap of her backpack is caught on a bolt on the interior of the tunnel. She yanks at it, hard.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Come on, come on...

The DOG bites her ankle.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
HAAAAARG!

Blood seeps through her white sock. She kicks herself away.

Her head slides into the drop. Body falls forward --

INT. AC DUCT - CONTINUOUS

-- into a compressed concrete space.

Rocky hits the ground face-first, from high above. Her knees smash into her teeth. Arms twisted at an impossible angle.

A fucked-up human knot.

CLOSE ON HER EYES

Matukewicz, Joe

Rocky tries to move, but she can't. Everything hurts. She sobs in immeasurable pain.

From the hole high above, the Rottweiler looks down on her. His mouth drips with foam. He disappears back into the duct.

ROCKY
Arrrrrrrrgggggh.

She painfully maneuvers her shoulder back into its socket. A gust of wind blows onto her neck. She slowly turns --

-- and sees lights through a metal grate. There's a way out.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alex's eyes flutter open as he regains consciousness.

Weak, he grabs the leg of the kitchen table and painfully pulls himself up to his feet.

There's a sharp pain on his side. He wobbles. His breathing wheezes. His ribs are broken.

beepbeep

His home-made alarm device is at his feet. The green LED light blinks like a metronome. Alex focuses on it.

INT. AC DUCT - CONTINUOUS

Bloody hands grip the concrete floor.

With incredible strength, Rocky uses the last of her energy to pull herself toward the metal grate, to her only chance of escape. Determined, a few feet from freedom and she knows it.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alex staggers down the hall.

Every breath he takes is heavy and loud.

Pain shoots through his body while a high pitched wheeze comes out of his nose with every inhale.

There's no way to be silent, anymore.

He raises the alarm's remote in front of him. Pounding on the PANIC button. Trying to trigger the alarm. He's so close...

Matukewicz, Joe

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY

The Blind-Man steps into view. The military knife in hand.

Alex narrows his eyes, tries to slow his breathing. But it's no use. He's wounded game, and the hunter has heard him.

Alex backtracks as the Blind-Man marches toward him.

INT. AC DUCT - CONTINUOUS

Rocky claws at the metal grate. But it won't open, it's bolted shut. She grips the grate, rattling it. Furious.

ROCKY
God. Help me?! Fucking help me!

Her fingers batter the grate like a caged animal.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alex rushes into the messy kitchen. There's no time to force the back-door open. He steps into an adjoining doorway --

INT. STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

-- this is no exit, but a storage room. A dead end.

The place is packed tightly with rusted old tools and boxes. His hands touch the wall --

-- Alex pads forward in the dark when he TRIPS. He looks down. Money's body is on the floor!

The sound of the Blind-Man's boots stepping across the linoleum floor of the kitchen.

Alex silently closes the door. But then realizes --

-- there's no doorknob. No locks on this door. Nothing. Desperate, he searches the dark storage area.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW the Blind-Man as he walks toward the storage room door. He KICKS it open.

STAY on the Blind-Man as he steps in.

Markiewicz, Joe

INT. STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on Alex, leaning against the shelves, desperately holding his breath. We eyeball a bunch of carpenter tools behind his head.

The Blind-Man feels the room. Nothing. He suddenly turns back into the kitchen and starts walking away...

But Alex can't hold his breath any longer. He breathes in, and lets out a high-pitched wheeze.

The Blind-Man stops, turns and walks straight into the storage room --

-- WHEN SMASH!

A sledge-hammer bashes his hand. The Blind-Man HOWLS in pain. Drops his knife. Alex emerges, holding the hammer.

He takes another swing. The Blind-Man ducks. The hammer cracks the wall. The Blind-Man swiftly punches Alex in the kidney. Then the ribs. Connecting every hit.

Folding Alex in half.

The Blind-Man throws Alex into the shelves, he falls.

In a flash, the Blind-Man is on top of him. Wraps his fingers around Alex's neck, LIFTS him off the ground, then slams Alex's skull into the cement wall. Three times.

Nearly out of breath, the Blind-Man balls a fist over Alex's face, who's mouth is now crimson with blood --

ALEX
(weak)
Please, stop.

-- a beat.

The Blind-Man hovers his fist over Alex like a meat wrecking ball ready to pulverize.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Please...I beg you. I beg you...
Don't do it...

THE BLIND-MAN
You did this to yourself.

-- BAM --

Matukewicz, Joe

The Blind-Man smashes Alex's face. With all his weight. Blood sprays.

Alex falls like a sack of potatoes, landing nearly on top of Money's body.

The Blind-Man calms. He pulses with adrenaline.

BEEP BEEP. The Armed remote control blips in Alex's pocket. The Blind-Man digs around, to retrieve it.

Then he hears something. Turns his head back toward the house. The sound of a metal grate being kicked.

It's Rocky.

The Blind-Man stands, grabs a large pair of garden shears, and with no hesitation, ferociously stabs down at Alex.

We hear the sound of the blades piercing flesh, as we -

CUT TO:

INT. AC DUCT - SAME

Rocky in the tight tunnel. She has somehow managed to turn her body around inside of the AC duct.

Her legs KICK the metal grate with such force, the bolts have been knocked loose. The metal is actually bending.

ROCKY
Yes! Please!

Exhausted and just a few kicks away from freedom, Rocky takes a moment to catch her breath.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Okay. I can do this.

She takes a deep breath. Raises her leg to stomp the grate when -

The vent behind her head opens and the Blind-Man's bloody, gnarled hand grips her by the hair.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Another steep drop. Rocky hits the floor. Plaster and debris, dust and her backpack all land at the same time.

Matukewicz, Joe

Stunned and confused, Rocky tries to stand but a boot KICKS her hard in the chest. Keeping her down.

In pain, Rocky drags herself across the floor. The Blind-Man stands over her. Psychotically using her breathing to follow her as she desperately tries to slide away.

He brutally stomps the back of her ankle.

Rocky screams. He grabs the backpack. The strap wrapped tightly around her wrist. The force lifts her to her knees.

The Blind-Man grabs her hair, pulling her to her feet, and he pins her against the wall. Their faces close.

Her eyes search his. Begging for mercy.

ROCKY
Please stop!

He smacks her face. But she keeps her eyes locked onto his.

The Blind-Man grips her throat. Squeezes. Chokes her.

All sound fades. Her breaths intensify. Until it's all we hear. She coughs. Her pupils turn white. Gasps get thin.

As we SLAM TO BLACK.

EXT. MOUNT ELLIOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

The house, standing in silence on the empty street. A really long moment of silence. Then we hear his BREATHS --

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

We creep through the maze of shelves heading towards a concrete wall. When we get close enough to it, we see a small sliver of light coming through a gap. This is no ordinary wall. It's a door to a hidden room.

INT. BASEMENT, HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We are back in the hidden room. The flame of a Bunsen burner heats a small pot of water.

The dead corpse of Cindy, the MASKED-GIRL is propped up in the corner. Staring back at us.

The Blind-Man leans against the wall. The two of them together, creating a deranged tableau.

Matukewicz, Joe

He slowly wraps a white bandage around his hand. Around the bent fingers that Alex smashed with a hammer.

NEW ANGLE

Rocky can't move.

Her eyes look down at her body, scared. Her neck, wrists, waist and ankles are duct taped to a chair.

The bottom of her metal chair has a hole in it. There's a dirty bed-pan below her feet.

She is tied up to Cindy's toilet.

ROCKY
What have you done to him...

No reply. The Blind-Man continues to wrap his hands. Rocky notices blood on the man's knuckles.

Tears roll down her cheeks.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Please. Let me go...

THE BLIND-MAN
I don't have a choice now.

ROCKY
(sobs)
Yes you do. Look, I understand you... I really do.
(eyeballs Cindy's corpse)
This girl killed your Emma...

The Blind-Man reacts to his daughter's name.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Cindy should have gone to jail for that, but that didn't happen. So you lock her up down here. You wanted her to pay.

The Blind-Man just stares at Rocky.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
I know how you feel, but nothing you do to me will bring her back.

The Blind-Man steps to Cindy's corpse.

Matuszewicz, Joe

THE BLIND-MAN
What do you know?... Only a parent can understand the love, the bond that exists between a father and his child. The greatest joy one can experience.
(a beat)
Know what Cindy was doing the moment she ran over my daughter? She was masturbating her boyfriend.

He kneels. Gently strokes Cindy's hair.

THE BLIND-MAN (CONT'D)
It was no accident, so she deserved to be punished. But didn't deserved to die...

Slowly runs his finger from Cindy's head to her chin. Then peels the white plastic, unmasking Cindy's face --

-- we stay on Rocky. Who reacts in horror.

Cindy's face is puffed and swollen from lividity. Her skin is a dull grey. Eyes wide open, one pupil is blood-red.

THE BLIND-MAN (CONT'D)
She took my child away from me, so it was only fair, that I wanted her to give me a new one.

His hand is on Cindy's belly. For the first time, we notice the bump on her stomach.

THE BLIND-MAN (CONT'D)
She was pregnant with my baby. But you killed them both.

Rocky shakes her head in despair.

ROCKY
That's not true.

THE BLIND-MAN
They'd be alive right now, if you hadn't broken in here.
(a beat)
You'll be held accountable for what you've done.

We're off Rocky, terrified.

Matukewicz, Joe

INT. STORAGE AREA - SAME

A slow push in on Alex's body. After a moment --

-- Alex stirs, and separates his mouth from the floor. There's dried blood caked onto his neck and chin.

He slowly gasps for air. He feels the garden shear blades against his side, realizing they haven't pierced his body, but Money's.

Hands tremble as they search Money's pockets.

A look of relief washes over him as he pulls a cell phone out.

ALEX
OhmyGod.

He turns it on. But we hear a discouraging bleep. A LOW BATTERY sign flashes on-screen. He frantically dials. And holds the phone to his ear.

SAM MILLER (V.O.)
You've got Sam Miller. I can't answer. Leave a message.

Alex shuts his eyes.

ALEX
Dad? It's me... I messed up bad... I was the one robbing those houses, I stole your codes, and your keys. And I am so sorry. You don't deserve this. I hope you can forgive me.

He hangs up, sobbing. Then he dials 911. Hits the "send" button when -

-- the phone dies.

Alex looks at the screen. It's blank. The battery is depleted. Frustrated, he drops the phone.

Then reaches in his shirt pocket and fishes out the key-ring that he found in the cellar. He's tired of losing.

He sees the hammer. And slowly lifts it.

There's a newfound fire in his eyes.

Mature Wiz, Joe

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

IN THE KITCHEN

Alex limps through, his anger growing with every step. He's hurt bad, but it's not slowing him down.

He takes a peek into the hallway. The ROTTWEILER is there, growling back at him.

The animal runs after Alex, who retreats back toward the storage room.

IN THE HALLWAY

The Rottweiler turns the corner into -

THE KITCHEN

The Rottweiler sniffs at the air. Moving lightning fast. The dog DARTS into the storage room door. As --

-- the door is slammed from the outside. Alex was hiding in the kitchen behind the door. He slides a metal bolt on the door, sealing the Rottweiler in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex approaches the front door. He tries different keys.

ALEX
Come on, bitch.

Then SCHLICK. It opens.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Yes....

He inserts a new key on the second lock.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The flame of a Bunsen burner heats a small pot of water.

A bar refrigerator door is open. Inside the freezer are items wrapped in black garbage bags. The Blind-Man runs his fingers around the frozen, mysterious objects.

Rocky's sobs have turned into desperate pleas for help. She screams out of her mind.

Mrtukewicz, Joe

ROCKY
HELP!! PLEASE!! SOMEBODY HELP ME!
(she breaks down, weaker)
Please... God, Please.

The Blind-Man unwraps black plastic. Revealing a long, cylindrical vial filled with a white frozen liquid. He puts the vial in the boiling pot.

THE BLIND-MAN
God...?
(a beat)
I lived a good life. Work hard at the plant, fought in the war. None of it mattered. Life took it all away from me, and left me to rot in darkness. No God would have allow that to happen.

The pot of water comes to a boil.

Rocky pulls against her restraints.

ROCKY
Please stop...

He finally turns. Fills a turkey baster with the heated liquid. It's cream colored.

THE BLIND-MAN
I'm not a rapist. I didn't *force* Cindy to get pregnant. I promised to set her free, once she gave me a child of my own. After three years, she was ready for this -

Rocky is leaned back in the metal chair, she strains against her ropes. The Blind-Man walks behind her. His grimy hands touch her cheeks. Her forehead. Her eye sockets.

He feels her breasts.

THE BLIND-MAN (CONT'D)
You're young. You'll breed well.

ROCKY
You can't do this to me...

THE BLIND-MAN
There's nothing a man cannot do, once he accepts the fact that there's no God... It sets you free.

Rocky closes her eyes, powerless.

Matukewicz, Joe

He pulls her chair back, balancing on its rear legs. Hanging from a chain connected to the ceiling.

She spits. Kicks. Shivers.

He squeezes the baster, testing it. White sperm drips down the tip. Rocky goes fucking berserk.

ROCKY
No! NOOOOOOOOO!!!! PLEASE!!!

THE BLIND-MAN
Nine months. And I will give you your life back.

She SCREAMS, out of her mind. It's shrill. Piercing.

Rocky screams and screams. Expelling every ounce of strength she has left. The Blind-Man covers his ears. Too sensitive to such high decibels.

But soon, Rocky runs out of strength. Her will fades. She hangs her head, hopeless. He circles in front of her.

THE BLIND-MAN (CONT'D)
You can do this painfully, or silently.

He slides the dirty bed-pan from under her. Then reaches through the hole in the chair, under her denim skirt, and in one swift motion he rips her panties apart.

ROCKY
Don't.... Don't...

The duct tape goes TAUT. Rocky strains to close her legs, but her knees and ankles are bound too tight.

SLOW PUSH in on her face. Sound fades away.

The struggling stops. Her eyes shut. Rocky resigns to her fate. A feeling of shame infects her.

Perhaps it's better not to fight, anymore.

An eerie beat.

Then, a spray of blood hits her face. Her eyes open. The <u>Blind-Man's face is bleeding</u>. He's been hit.

He stumbles back. Hands painfully clutching the side of his face. We REVEAL Alex behind him. Holding the hammer.

Matuskewicz, Joe

Alex cracks the Blind-Man again in the chin. But we don't hear a sound. The Blind-Man collapses to the floor. Completely motionless. Alex looks at Rocky, freaked out --

--- he mouths "Rocky? Look at me."

The Military Knife is stuck into the table, next to the alarm remote control. Alex grabs both, he hacks at her restraints with the knife. As he cuts the duct tape --

-- thwack. thwack. THWACK. THWACK!

With each piece of tape he cuts, the volume returns. SOUND flushes back in, snapping Rocky out of her trance.

ALEX
Did he hurt you?! Rock?!

She stands. Bewildered. Alex glares at her. Then Rocky charges the Blind-Man. Kicks him while he's down.

ROCKY
You son of a bitch. Don't you dare touch me. Hear me motherfucker?!

ALEX
Rocky?!

She bashes him over and over. There's a lot of payback in each blow. Rocky screams. Alex pulls her by the shirt, nearly slipping on his blood.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Stop it, it's over. Now we need to get the fuck out of here.

But Rocky pulls herself away from him. Her face covered in sweat. Her eyes in a distant place.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Rocky...?

ROCKY
No. I'm not leaving here without the money.

Alex blinks at her, she's totally serious.

ALEX
You're not thinking straight.

Rocky looks around the room.

Matukewicz, Joe

ROCKY
We need that money, Alex.

She eyes her backpack, picks it up, but its empty.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Where did he put the cash?

ALEX
Are you fucking crazy?!

ROCKY
I'm not leaving here empty handed, Alex. Okay?! Not after what he put me through.

Alex holds the ring of keys in his hand.

ALEX
We can leave right now.

Rocky turns. Faces him. Then marches directly to Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)
...we don't need the money.

Instead of putting up an argument, she drops the hammer and passionately kisses him. His back slams against the metal shelf, Rocky's body rubs against his.

Alex is completely shocked. Blind-sided. Confused. This is a moment he's fantasized about a million times --

- their lips part. Rocky searches his eyes.

ROCKY
Why did you come here, Alex?

Alex looks at the Blind-Man on the floor. He's not moving.

ALEX
For the score.

ROCKY
You could have given us the alarm codes, and you would have gotten your share. You know that. So be honest, why did you come?

ALEX
To make sure nothing happened to you.

Matukewicz, Joe

ROCKY
But WHY?

ALEX
Because I love you. Okay? I've always loved you. And you knew it.

A beat. Both silent.

ROCKY
Then help me live past this nightmare, help me find the cash.

ALEX
It's too late. I left my Dad a voicemail, confessing everything.

She takes a deep breath, thinking.

ROCKY
Doesn't matter. He's your Dad, he'd never turn you in.

Alex actually considers her words a moment, she kisses him again. This time, deeply. Emotionally. Her walls are down.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
I'm yours, Alex. Let's take that backpack and leave here, forever. Buy a little house on the beach, spend the rest of our lives fucking each other's brains out.

ALEX
(beat)
Fuck it, let's do this.

They hear a long groan. The Blind-Man. Bludgeoned. And weak. Drags himself towards the wooden table.

ROCKY
Stop...

Rocky swipes up the hammer and brutally hits him in the hip. But he doesn't scream.

His eyes, swollen. Ear, torn. But continues toward the worktable where the military knife used to be.

Camera drops under the table, revealing the MAGNUM stuck inside a drawer.

Alex eyeballs the handcuffs, still attached to the bars on the cell. He goes for them.

Matukewicz, Joe

ROCKY (CONT'D)
I said stop, you motherfucker...

Rocky charges, this time she hits him in the knee. Bucking his balance. Still, no reaction, no scream. The Blind-Man continues crawling --

-- Rocky is out of her mind, now.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
STOP OR I SWEAR I KILL YOU RIGHT HERE! RIGHT NOW.

The Blind-Man gives up. He turns to her, raising his arms, conceding. On Rocky, enraged.

ALEX
Rocky, enough.

Rocky and the Blind-Man stare at each other. For a moment, he's not a monster. Just a crippled, sad old man.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to Rocky)
It's ok...

Alex cuffs the Blind-Man' to one of the shelves, locks it.

ROCKY
I'll only ask you once. Where's -

THE BLIND MAN
(interrupting)
-- the money?.

ROCKY
Tell us where it is. Or I swear I'll torture you til you do.

THE BLIND MAN
You won't have to. Just take it. Have it all.

Alex and Rocky exchange a look. It can't be this easy.

THE BLIND-MAN
The law ordained that's what my daughter's life was worth. Think I'd ever spend a dime of that money?

ROCKY
Where is it?

Matukewicz, Joe

He gestures to a couple of cabinets above the wooden table. Rocky opens them and finds the bricks of cash.

ON ALEX

Something isn't sitting right.

Rocky swipes her heavy backpack up. The Blind-Man looks relieved that she's taking it.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Know what they do to men like you in prison? Soon as we leave town, we'll make sure the cops find you here. Won't be hard for them to figure out what you've done.

ALEX
We can't involve the cops.

Rocky turns to him, puzzled.

ROCKY
I'm not letting this freak off the hook!

ALEX
If you want him to pay for what he's done, then we call the police right now and confess everything. It's robbery versus murder. The police won't care about us, or why we were here in the first place.
(a beat)
But if we steal a million in cash, then lead the cops here, he'll tell them about us... our blood is all over, the cops will get to us in a heartbeat.

They both look at the Blind-Man, who stares quietly.

THE BLIND-MAN
Take it and leave.

ALEX
He's buying our silence. He needs us to take the money.

We CLOSE ON Rocky's face, as she makes a decision...

ALEX (CONT'D)
Whatever you choose. I'm with you.

Matuszewicz, Joe

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morning light peeks through the slats in the windows. Alex emerges from the trap door.

ALEX
We have to hurry. My Dad doesn't wake up til 7:00. We have plenty of time to stop by my place before we leave Detroit...

He reaches into the trap door and pulls Rocky out - the heavy backpack slung around her shoulders.

ALEX (CONT'D)
...we can erase the message I left him.

Alex takes out the key holder, approaches the front door.

He jiggles the key inside. It unlocks. He works the next one. Rocky grins while he looks for the last matching key.

ROCKY
We hit the road, sleep in cheap motels, drink expensive liquor, and finally be free.

The front door opens, warm sunlight bathes their faces.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
We're gonna be fine.

They look into each other eyes, they made it.

ALEX
We're free.

BAM. **Alex's forehead explodes like a melon**. His body hits the doorframe, and he collapses. Dead. It's quick and violent.

Rocky's cheeks are splashed in blood. Horrified. Shocked --

-- the Blind-Man emerges from the trap-door. Still handcuffed, a foot of metal railing attached to his wrist.

Time seems to freeze. As the gun slowly turns to Rocky.

BAM. The wood in the doorsill above her head explodes. She ducks as he fires again. Narrowly missing her --

Matukewicz, Joe

EXT. HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAWN

Rocky leaps off the porch and tears off.

EXT. MOUNT ELLIOT STREET - SAME

Morning fog lingers. Rocky runs in the middle of the street.

Her mind racing faster than her feet can, as she SPRINTS away from the Victorian home.

She gets about fifty yards away, looks over her shoulder. The Blind-Man stands on his lawn, staring in her direction.

ROCKY
You sick-fuck!!! You can't get to me now! You're nothing out here! Nothing!

She stands there for a second, until -

-- THE ROTTWEILER comes sprinting out of the house.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Oh God no...

Rocky resumes her run, screaming for help now.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
Somebody help! Please! Heeeeelp!

Her screams echo. Rocky is frantic as she continues.

The abandoned homes, swallowed by neglected and overgrown grass, seem to stare back at Rocky in silent indifference.

The dog runs directly towards her.

Rocky races across a lawn that's yellowed with age, past a cracked sign with a Holy Cross that reads: Mt. Elliot Presbyterian. She runs up the steps of the abandoned church.

INT. BURNED-DOWN CHURCH - ENTRANCE - DAWN

Two large oak doors. Rocky shuts one of them. But the other one won't friggin' close. She pulls, as hard as she could.

The frame is bent. It just won't shut.

ROCKY
Come on...

Matkiewicz, Joe

She glances to the street. The ROTTWEILER climbs the steps!

Rocky, runs deeper into the church.

INT. BURNED-DOWN CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Water drips everywhere.

Fire has destroyed this place. Half the pews are blackened and scorched, everything is covered in soot.

Rocky RUNS, she spots a construction scaffolding on the altar. Heads for it as fast as she can.

The Rottweiler is gaining on her.

He snaps his jaws, its teeth bite into her, but it bites the backpack instead. Tearing at the cloth. Rocky pulls.

CASH falls out of the bag as Rocky manages to reach the scaffolding, and climbs it like a ladder. The Rottweiler leaps up behind her. Barking.

A safe distance above ground, she catches her breath. It's only a matter of time until the Blind-Man hears his dog.

And will come for her.

Then it hits her. Rocky unzips her backpack and digs inside. Finds the zip-lock bag of beef jerky. The ones that she laced with sedatives.

From the scaffolding, she drops jerky pieces next to the rabid dog. He sniffs, and just cannot resist a savory jerky.

Rocky climbs higher. There's no good escape route she can reach. She looks down.

The Rottweiler circles, then clumsily trips over himself. The drugs are working. And she slowly climbs down.

With her eyes peeled on the dog, Rocky lands. Her feet squish into the cold, wet carpet. A side-exit door is open next to the altar.

The exit is framed by a fallen and burnt cross holding a statue of Jesus Christ, there's a **green pasture at the other side.** A perfect escape. Like it's calling her.

Then Rocky sees two fallen stacks of cash by other side of the scaffold. Probably about ten grand.

Should she run? Or grab them?

Mrukewicz, Joe

With no imminent threat in sight, Rocky races over to the cash. Scoops them up. Slides them into her backpack. With a look of relief.

A LONG SHADOW emerges in front of her. The Blind-Man quietly comes up the church stairs. But there's so much water dripping around them, he can't "sense" her. Yet.

Rocky grabs a long aluminium pole laying next to her. Ready to fight this guy if she needs to.

But the Blind-Man backs up, disappearing into the street.

A sense of relief washes over her. She stays there for a second, catching back her breath.

She turns and heads towards the altar. Not making a sound.

Just when she's at the exit -

CREECH - She has stepped on a large piece of glass on the floor. The sound echoes through the gigantic room... And then -

CRASH! The Vitrail next to her shatters into pieces!

Colored glass rains onto Rocky as she covers her head.

Finally, the Blind-Mans hands come through the opening left by the vitrail, and grabs Rocky by the hair, dragging her out into the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT ELLIOT STREET - MOMENTS LATER

We hover high above ground. A super WIDE bird's eye view of the street that cuts through the deserted neighborhood.

Nothing is heard but Rocky's desperate screams.

We PUNCH IN on the street, closer, Rocky is being dragged down the middle of the street. She kicks and screams, but nobody will help her, it's hopeless.

The backpack of money is still strapped to her back.

Rocky screams and kicks, hopelessly desperate.

Marukewicz, Joe

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The Blind-Man lifts Rocky's limp body, and punches her in the face twice. Then throws her inside.

Rocky raises her head. Dizzy. Everything goes blurry.

Her eyes adjust to the darkness. Then she sees Alex's dead body in front of her. His hands positioned in front of him.

Her heart drops.

ROCKY
Alex...

Rocky lays there sobbing, she's too cooked to process. She reaches for Alex, their bloody fingertips touch.

The Blind-Man slams the front door and she hears FOUR consecutive locks secured shut. She grabs Alex' finger.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. This is all my fault...

He grabs the straps of the backpack and uses them to DRAG Rocky towards the open trap-door.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
No. No.

Rocky won't let go of Alex's hand. The Blind-Man PULLS, a little confused by what she's gripping onto.

Then Rocky sees it, gripped in Alex's **other hand**. His final pose was meant to be an offering. To her. And only her.

IN HIS HAND --

-- is the **alarm remote.** Unbeknownst to the Blind-Man, Rocky pulls the device out of Alex' cold dead hands.

The Hermes security logo on it. Still armed. Ready to go.

She presses the "PANIC" button.

A SONIC EXPLOSION fills the house.

The Blind-Man covers his ears with his hands. Rocky rolls herself out of the way.

CLOSE ON The alarm panel: "DIALING 911"

Matukewicz, Joe

In a FLASH he unsheathes his military knife and STABS the ground where Rocky was. But she's gone.

Stab. Stab. Stab. He attacks the floor. But his senses are overwhelmed by the crazy-loud alarm. He stands. Spins.

Swings the blade wildly at the air.

A FEW FEET AWAY

Rocky is standing. Watching him. She spots the heavy glass BALL that Money and Alex found earlier, tucked under the couch. She reaches for it.

The Blind-Man felt her movement.

He reels back, turns his grip on the blade around. And drives it into Rocky. For a moment --

-- we think he's stabbed her.

But we realize he's punctured the backpack. Rocky HITS the Blind-Man in the face with the glass ball.

He stumbles back. Loses his balance -

-- and falls into the trap-door hole.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

From below, Rocky peeks into the basement.

The Blind-Man lays on his back, completely still. He has landed onto his knife. Blade sticks out of his lower back.

Blood pools underneath him.

IT'S OVER.

Rocky slams the trap-door, sealing him in, shrouding him in darkness.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rocky's body collapses on the floor, she bursts into tears. The SHRILL alarm, finally peeters off.

After a few moments, she grabs the backpack filled with money, and heads for the door. The keys hang from one of the locks.

She unlocks it, and open the door. Walks out.

Matukewicz, Joe

EXT. HOUSE, FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rocky walks out on the street.

POLICE SIRENS approach, growing closer and closer.

Right before the police cruisers enter the street, Rocky runs away and disappears between the endless row of derelict houses.

Backpack with money on her shoulders.

She's gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brakes screech. Sirens BWOOP outside. SPOTLIGHTS bathe the windowsills.

We SMASH TO BLACK:

INT. MILLER HOUSE - MORNING

A cell phone RINGS on a nightstand. With a ridiculously loud ring-tone. A hand grabs it, answers "accept".

Sam Miller brings the phone to his face. Eyes swollen. Yawning himself awake.

SAM MILLER
(into phone)
Yea? What?

He listens. His face drops. This is bad news.

EXT. ELLIOT STREET, THE VICTORIAN HOME - DAY

Yellow police tape. A handful of Detroit PD OFFICERS cross-paths with EMT'S.

A body-bag is wheeled out the front door. We catch the face: Alex. They lay his body next to Money on the front lawn.

An overworked homicide officer DETECTIVE ANTHONY SULLIVAN (50's, Sam's contact at Detroit PD) stares into the bodybag.

A Policeman hands Det. Sullivan a Note-pad.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Ran his prints, it's a match.

Metukevicz, Joe

DETECTIVE SULLIVAN
Yeah, I know.

POLICE OFFICER #1
You knew this white kid?

Sullivan looks to a cop car, the rear-door is open. Sam Miller sits, his face buried in his hands. Trying not to cry.

DETECTIVE SULLIVAN
Kind of.
(re: the bodies)
Cover them up.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

Sullivan approaches a distraught Sam Miller. Talks to him through the car window.

DETECTIVE SULLIVAN
I'm so sorry, Sam. I really am. Whatever I can do for you, you make sure to tell me, alright?

Sam stares off, heart-broken.

Detective Sullivan taps the roof gently and leaves, giving this grieving father his space.

Sam notices a NEW VOICE MAIL message from Alex.

It takes a moment for Sam to focus, as he stares at his cell. Sam presses the "Listen" button.

ALEX (V.O.)
"Dad? It's me..."

Tears stream down his face as he hears Alex's voice.

ALEX (V.O.)
"...I messed up bad. I was the one robbing those houses, I stole your codes, and your keys. And I am so sorry. You don't deserve this. I hope you can forgive me."

The camera PULLS BACK while he hears his son's final message.

EXT. ELLIOT STREET, THE VICTORIAN HOME - DAY

Sullivan takes in the crime-scene. A UNIFORMED P-1 POLICE OFFICER joins him.

Matukewicz, Joe

DETECTIVE SULLIVAN
What's the status on the victim?

The camera PANS AWAY, REVEALING -

The Blind-Man, sitting on a stretcher.

He looks badly beaten. His mouth covered by a pulsating breathing apparatus. He stares off, we PUSH INTO his dead eyes.

POLICE OFFICER(O.C.)
He's stable.

DETECTIVE SULLIVAN (O.C.)
Good. Good...

We PUSH in closer.

POLICE OFFICER
Gosh Sully... Who home-invades a blind-guy? Stabbing and beating a disabled vet in his own home.... If you ask me, those two punks got what they deserved. Guy's a frigging hero.

THE BLIND MAN seems to be looking right at us.

BY SULLIVAN, fixated on the Blind-Man.

DETECTIVE SULLIVAN
Do me a favor, Roy. Save the peanut gallery for someone who cares.

Sullivan walks off.

INT. POLICE STATION / SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

On Sullivan's desk rest some evidence bags containing a few familiar objects -- the military knife, the gun, cell phones.

Sullivan has plugged in Money's phone and is browsing through its photos.

His assistant peaks inside the office.

SULLIVAN'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Hey, there's someone looking for you. Should I -

DETECTIVE SULLIVAN
Yeah, I'll be out in a minute.

Matukewicz, Joe

SULLIVAN'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Ok.

CLOSE on the phone as we slide through the photos. Sullivan frowns when noticing the presence of Rocky in most of the photos...

He stands and leaves the phone on his desk, displaying the selfie Rocky took of the three of them in the car.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

As he walks out of his office, we reveal someone waiting for him on a bench, at the far end of the station.

It's Rocky, sitting in the waiting room, hair on her face, hands between her legs.

Next to her, rests a heavy looking backpack.

FIN

Matukewicz, Joe